The Morning After

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/10035428.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter
Additional Tags:	Hannigram - Freeform, season 1 AU, Will has a slutty past, Oral Sex, Blow Jobs, sixty nine, Anal Fingering, Anal Sex, Top Will, Bottom Hannibal, Sex Toys, Kissing, Rimming, Come Eating, PWP, Shower Sex, Masturbation, Hand Jobs, pegging with a dildo, Hannibal pegs Will, while Will does him, I have never written anything this dirty before
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of Will Graham Had a Secret
Stats:	Published: 2017-03-01 Words: 3,812 Chapters: 1/1

The Morning After

by hannigramsarah (WrightworthSarah)

Summary

Following on from Will Graham Had a Secret, Will and Hannibal head to Wolf Trap and end up indulging in even more naughtiness - including some of the acts suggested in the first part of the series.

Notes

You don't need to have read Will Graham Had a Secret to understand what's going on here as it's basically just porn. But if you like your porn with a little bit of context then feel free to go ahead and read that part first (it's basically more porn).

I do plan to write more in this series, exploring their relationship further. But I'm due to give birth in less than eight weeks - so it may not be for a while!

See the end of the work for more notes

Will found it hard to believe that it had only been around twelve hours since he and Hannibal had fucked over the psychiatrist's desk. Since then, Hannibal had been true to his word, taking Will back to his house, keeping him in his bed and fucking him over and over. He'd lost count of the amount of times the older man had been inside him, had made him come, but it had been more than either of their ages should allow. Sometimes it had been fast and rough, as in Hannibal's office, others it had been slow, tender and luxurious, more akin to making love. Both had been deeply enjoyable, and both had left Will wondering why he had ever walked out of that bar eighteen years ago.

As he stood in the shower in Hannibal's pristine en suite, letting the water rinse the expensive soap from his delightfully bruised, scratched skin, it dawned on him that he was exhausted. Exhausted and sore, but happier and more content than he remembered feeling in a long, long time. He almost wished he didn't have to go home, but the dogs needed feeding and walking.

Stepping out and drying himself off, he pulled on his underwear and trousers, reaching for the sweater Hannibal had lent to him, since his own was covered in a remarkably large amount of his own come. He breathed deeply, smelling Hannibal in the fabric and wondered if it was possible to fall for someone this hard this quickly. Will didn't even really have friends, never mind falling in love with people so this was new territory for him entirely. For now it was probably safer to enjoy the amazing physical connection and see what came of that.

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He found Hannibal in the kitchen, making something that smelled delicious. For a moment he just lingered in the doorway, watching the handsome man at work. He looked ridiculously smart for first thing on a Saturday morning, a dress shirt tucked into his trousers. The only concession to the weekend seemed to be the rolled up sleeves and the open collar. Will fought the urge to bury his face in the man's neck and suck a bruise on that exposed hollow.

At last Hannibal looked up from his food preparations. "Good morning, Will. I trust you slept well?"

Will smirked as he placed himself on a stool at the kitchen counter. "I did, thank you. When I eventually got to sleep, that is…" He trailed off, squirming slightly in his seat to illustrate how deliciously sore he felt.

Hannibal took the hint. “Perhaps after breakfast we might go upstairs again. I’m sure there are ways we can enjoy ourselves without causing you any discomfort.”

Will experienced a sudden flashback to the evening before. *Letting you fuck me as well. Have you ever fucked a man, Will?* He felt his dick twitch with interest before he remembered that he did, in fact, have somewhere to be.

“Unfortunately, Hannibal, I have to go home.” On seeing the older man’s crestfallen look, Will quickly added, “It’s my dogs. I have seven and I need to feed them before they start tearing apart my house. I should probably let them out for some exercise too.”

Will saw the palpable relief wash over Hannibal as the man realised he wasn’t being rejected. A thought occurred to him and he continued. “If you don’t have any plans for the weekend, you could come back with me to Wolf Trap if you like. Stay the night. My house isn’t as big as your’s, but it’s in the countryside, there are some nice walks if we were to, um, get bored…”

Hannibal’s smile broadened. “I’m not sure I’d ever get bored with you, Will. But I’d very much like to come back with you. I could drive you back to my office and then we could take your car back to your house. If you don’t mind bringing me home on Sunday?”

Will simply smiled in response and a few minutes later was tucking into the most delicious plate of bacon and eggs he’d ever encountered.

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On the drive to Wolf Trap, Will had plenty of time to think about what he and Hannibal were about to do. He was pretty confident that Hannibal wanted Will to fuck him and Will was just as confident that he wanted to fuck Hannibal. Will’s real issue was that he had never topped before.

In his many, *many* anal sex encounters over the years, he had always been on the receiving end. He'd never even considered topping. It had taken him years before he'd even worked out he was attracted to men and, prior to that, sex with men had been purely to scratch an itch that most women couldn't: he loved the feeling of his ass being filled. But now Hannibal had put the idea of topping into his head, he suddenly couldn't stop thinking about it and how amazing it would feel.

He knew how the mechanics worked, of course. He'd been on the receiving end enough times to know what felt good, and he'd fingered himself open for his dildo enough times to understand how to do it safely and pleasurably. He also knew he had an impressively large cock that Hannibal, for one, couldn't seem to get enough of judging by the amount of times he'd gone down on him last night. But… What if he wasn't any good? He'd never had any problems making women climax, but he wasn't naive enough to think that men and women were the same.

Well, he reasoned, there was no sense worrying about it now. There was a first time for everything and, hopefully, he wouldn't be too bad.

After an hour or so, they pulled up outside Will's house, Hannibal climbing out the car clutching the small overnight bag he'd insisted on bringing. "Your house is very nice, Will. It suits you."

Will smiled and pulled Hannibal up the front steps and through the front door, landing a forceful kiss on the older man's lips. "I can't wait to show you it, Dr Lecter."

When Will opened the door, they were surrounded by a pack of dogs, excited to see their master and intrigued by the stranger he'd brought with him. Will urged them all down, correctly assuming Hannibal wouldn't appreciate dog hairs all over his fine clothes. He was soon able to distract them with food.

"You have a bed in your living room, Will." Hannibal quirked an eyebrow, clearly curious.

"Uh, yeah, I do have a proper bedroom but I set up a bed down here when I was repairing my roof. It just kind of… stayed."

Hannibal seemed satisfied by that answer and watched as Will let the now sated dogs out for some exercise.

"You don't worry about them running away?"

"They always find their way home."

Will suddenly felt awkward. He wanted to sweep Hannibal off his feet, turn him into a complete mess but it was like he didn't know how to move anymore. Christ, this was ridiculous. Hannibal had literally been *inside* him just a few hours ago. Repeatedly. Will was about to go to kiss the man when Hannibal interrupted, "Perhaps we could see your 'proper' bedroom now? I honestly don't think I can resist temptation much longer."

Will swooped forward and took Hannibal in a blazing kiss, all tongues, teeth and saliva. They exchanged hot breath between them as Will pulled his lover towards the staircase, removing clothes as he went. By the time they reached Will's bedroom, they were both naked, a trail of discarded garments in their wake. Will instantly felt ashamed of his simple room with cotton sheets when compared to Hannibal's palatial boudoir, but he couldn't feel embarrassed for long when he saw the lust he was inspiring in the other man.

Hannibal was breathing hard, his hair mussed up, a sheen of saliva (whose, Will had no idea) across his chin. He was a million miles away from the carefully in-control psychiatrist that Will had come to know. A sultry glance at the man's engorged cock told him that Hannibal was now being driven by little more than desire, and knowing he was the one influencing this was a massive turn on.

Will took both of Hannibal's hands in his and led him towards the bed, pushing him to lie down on the sheets, still messy from the last time Will slept in them. Crawling over the older man's body — exuding much more confidence than he actually felt - Will kissed sensually along his jawline before softly murmuring, "And now I have you here, Doctor Lecter, what am I to do with you?"

The sharp intake of breath from the man told him all he needed to know, but it still caused a shiver down his spine when Hannibal choked out, "Will… I want you… Inside…"

Will didn't need telling twice, but he decided to tease Hannibal a little longer anyway to see if he could really make the man lose it. He quickly reached into his nightstand and dropped the bottle of lube he found there on to the bed before ignoring it completely and kissing his way down Hannibal's gasping throat, heaving chest and exquisite stomach before reaching the man's leaking cock.

Will had only given a handful of blow jobs in his life (although last night with Hannibal had certainly boosted the number somewhat), but he had received enough from both men and women to know what felt good. With that knowledge, he lightly drew his tongue from the base to the tip, lapping up the pre-come he found there, before taking Hannibal down as far as he could, alternating sucking and licking as he bobbed his head. He felt Hannibal's hand tangle in his hair but was grateful that the man didn't start pushing him down. Instead, Hannibal let out a choking, broken moan that suggested he was no longer quite in his own mind.

Will felt around for the lube he'd dropped on the bed earlier and, without looking what he was doing, squeezed some across his fingers before taking his index finger down to Hannibal's tight pucker and gently teasing it. Somewhere above him, Hannibal was choking out what sounded like obscenities in a variety of foreign languages — something which, along with the pre-come freely flowing into his mouth, Will took to mean he was doing well. Feeling Hannibal relax, he slowly inserted his finger into the tight, velvet heat of the man, revelling in the sensation of doing this to someone other than himself. More expertly than he felt he had any right to, he slipped in a second as he heard Hannibal gasp for it, and not long after followed with a third and, eventually a fourth, all the while targeting the man's prostate. At first he was surprised by how quickly the man stretched, but decided that he probably just wasn't as much of a dedicated top as Will supposed.

Slowly, teasingly, Will removed his fingers from the other man, before pulling away from his cock with a lewd pop. As he applied lube to his own ignored erection, he saw Hannibal writhing beneath him almost completely undone. Will pulled Hannibal's long legs up over his shoulders and lined himself up, before asking if Hannibal was ready for him.

"*Taip*!" Hannibal groaned impatiently. Will decided to take this as a yes and began to push himself into Hannibal's slick hole. As he bottomed out, he realised this was so different to fucking a woman. So much tighter and hotter. He couldn't believe it had taken him twenty-odd years to try this.

"Fuck!" He moaned hard as Hannibal clenched around him and he began to move, thrusting himself into the other man with abandon. He could see Hannibal had already lost control

completely, pushing his hips back to meet Will's thrusts as he sweated, panted and moaned his way towards orgasm. It was enough to make Will lose control as well, and he began thrusting harder, faster until all he could hear was the sound of skin slapping against skin and their own guttural cries.

As he hurtled towards his climax, he was dimly aware of Hannibal coming, of the man's cock pulsing his release all over himself, completely untouched, of his muscles clenching down hard around Will and going into spasm, of Will's own name screamed in a rough accent. But Will was too far gone to really take all this in and he felt his own cock begin to fill Hannibal's ass with what seemed to be a never-ending stream of come. He roared Hannibal's name and kept thrusting, his movements gradually getting weaker until he was able to stop completely.

He was ready to collapse, but on the periphery of his memory, he remembered something one of his anonymous partners had done to him once, and how much it had excited him. So with that he pulled out of Hannibal and scooted down the bed until his head was between Hannibal's legs and, without further thought, he pulled apart the man's gorgeously firm cheeks and swiped his tongue across his hole, tasting his own come leaking out. As he rimmed him, he heard Hannibal moaning above him as he thrust those pert ass cheeks at Will's face. Will felt dirty, debauched and certainly better than he had in a long time.

Moving back up Hannibal's body, he licked some of the psychiatrist's own come from his chest before kissing him sloppily, forcing him to taste the combined flavours of himself and Will. Hannibal groaned into his mouth before collapsing back against the pillows, completely spent.

Will smirked as he flopped down beside him. "I never thought you could lose it like that, Doctor Lecter. Even last night, you were so in control… But seeing you like that, just now… I'm not sure I can get enough."

Hannibal looked at him sleepily. "I can tell you honestly that I've never given up my control like that before, not for anyone. For someone who claims to be an inexperienced top, you certainly had more than a few tricks up your sleeve."

Will ran a hand through the older man's messed up hair. Far from its usual sleek appearance, it was mussed up and damp with sweat. "I think we both know I've been around quite a bit, Hannibal. I just did what I knew has felt good for me before." Will thought he saw a flicker of something — jealousy? — cross Hannibal's face as Will said he'd been around a bit but it

was gone so quickly that Will decided to dismiss it. “What I think we both need now is a shower and maybe a rest. Then I’d like to try something you suggested yesterday that I’ve not been able to get out of my head…”

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Showering together had been intense. They’d got clean, certainly, but this had been followed by getting more than a little dirty again as Hannibal had dropped to his knees and thrust his tongue into Will’s hole. Still sore from the previous day’s efforts, Will had squirmed with over-sensitivity before pleasure overtook him, eventually seeing him come untouched all over the tile work. Then Will had wanted to return the favour and so had pushed Hannibal face-first against the come-covered tiles, fingering his asshole with one hand and working the man’s dick with the other until he came with a shout. Naturally, they’d then had to clean off again before emerging from the bathroom sated and sleepy, collapsing on to Will’s bed in a tangle of naked limbs.

Waking an hour or two later, Will realised that Hannibal was not next to him. Hearing noises from downstairs, he pulled on his boxers and a t-shirt before going to see what his lover was up to. Hannibal was standing in the middle of Will’s lounge, wearing nothing but a pair of silk boxer briefs, rifling through his overnight bag, from which he was pulling an alarming assortment of sex toys.

“Er… Hannibal?” Will cocked an eyebrow at his lover, who shot him what could only be described as a filthy grin — another sign of Hannibal’s unguardedness around the profiler.

“I did suggest this to you yesterday, after all, Will. Was this not the something you’d like to try that you could not get out of your head?”

It was all Will could do to internalise his own groan. *Perhaps I’d let you fuck me while you wear a plug? Or while I pushed a dildo in and out of you?* The thought of that act was so hot that Will had to squeeze his own dick to suppress his orgasm. “Get the dildo that’s as close to your own size as possible and meet me upstairs,” was all he could muster before turning on his heel and going back to his room. He quickly undressed himself again and lay on the bed, slicking his fingers up and slipping one inside himself while gently playing with his own cock. Hannibal was positively incorrigible, he thought. He briefly wondered whether it would be possible to function, being this turned on all the time.

His eyes closed in pleasure, he heard rather than saw Hannibal re-enter the room, heard the man's sharp intake of breath as he saw Will touching himself. Will opened his eyes and felt his breath catch as he saw the dildo Hannibal had selected. Made of hard, sleek, black silicone, it was his equal in length and almost in girth. Will tried not to think of the intensity of feeling that inside him as he fucked himself into Hannibal. He'd come there and then if he did.

Hannibal placed the toy down on the bed next to the lube, and divested himself of his boxers, before grabbing Will's ankles and pulling him down the bed. Will briefly wondered what the hell Hannibal was doing, but it became clear when the other man placed himself on all fours over Will, so his head was hovering over the younger man's erection, his own hanging heavy above Will's mouth. Will watched as Hannibal propped himself on his elbows, grabbed the lube and slicked his fingers before passing the bottle back to Will. Catching on quickly, Will slicked his own fingers up again before opening his mouth to accept Hannibal's cock, thrusting up at the same time to enter Hannibal's.

Will became pretty much overcome by sensation at this point, the ever-glorious feeling of Hannibal Lecter sucking his dick, combined with the taste of Hannibal on his own tongue had him writing and moaning in moments. He could tell from the feeling of Hannibal's moans around his own cock that it was having the same effect on the other man too. At some point during all of this, Will realised he had reached up and slipped two slick fingers into Hannibal's already loosened hole, with Hannibal reciprocating. Will's soreness from the previous night's fucking had eased and he now could feel only pleasure as Hannibal stretched him open, teasing his prostate and swallowing hard around his cock.

When they were four fingers deep in each other, Will had to pull away. "I want to come fucking you, Hannibal, not like this," he gasped through swollen lips, soaked with spit and pre-come. Hannibal pulled off him with a most unbecoming slurp and removed his fingers from Will, manoeuvring himself so he could lie on the bed next to him. They kissed lazily, while Will felt around for the lube and dildo, slicking up his own dick and then passing both lubricant and dildo to Hannibal, who coated the thick toy in lube in what Will felt was an unnecessarily erotic but wholly appreciated display.

Not entirely sure how this would work, but hoping Hannibal's long limbs would make it possible, Will once again pulled his lover's legs over his shoulders and slowly thrust into him, pushing and pushing until Hannibal was almost bent in two. Here he paused, enjoying the sensation of being inside the other man's tight heat, while allowing Hannibal to reach around slowly and press the head of the silicone cock into Will's well-prepared ass.

“Fuck!” Will gasped as the welcome intrusion made itself felt before he began thrusting into the other man. It was awkward at first, but they soon fell into a rhythm of Will fucking himself on to the dildo every time he withdrew from Hannibal. The sensation was overwhelming. The tightness of Hannibal’s ass muscles on his cock combined with the feeling of being filled up and the assault on his prostate was euphoric. Will was only sure of two things. Firstly, this would probably be the best orgasm of his life and, secondly, it could only be moments away.

He knew that Hannibal was close. He was babbling in Lithuanian, French and German, although Will guessed from the way his eyes were closed in ecstasy that all of the words were variations on “Fuck!”

Resting his weight on one arm, Will used the other to reach between them and start stroking Hannibal’s cock. It didn’t take much. Two or three pumps and Hannibal was coming all over himself, screaming Will’s name. Will followed quickly as a well-timed hit to his prostate was followed by Hannibal’s muscles spasming around him. As he came, his vision whited out and the next thing he knew he was lying on top of Hannibal, really forcing him in half now, as his softening dick slipped out of the older man’s hole. He moved to free Hannibal’s legs and realised the toy was still half inside him. He gingerly reached around and pulled it out of his over-sensitive hole, feeling his dick twitch half-heartedly at the sensation.

“Well, this is dignified,” he murmured sardonically.

“I personally think you have never looked more divine.” Hannibal’s response made Will crack up.

“What, with lube everywhere and your come all over my chest?”

“*Especially* with my release all over your chest, Will.” Will was reminded of that glimmer of jealousy he’d spotted in Hannibal’s eyes earlier and wondered if the man was thinking this somehow marked Will as his. He decided not to spoil the mood by actually asking though.

“I don’t think a shower will cut it this time, Hannibal. I think we need a bath.”

“As long as we can take it together…”

“I don’t think there’s room. My tub’s not that big.”

Hannibal fixed him with a look that told Will in no uncertain terms that they were bathing together no matter the size of the tub, so Will clambered off the bed on shaky legs and headed for the bathroom, feeling that they might need to define exactly what this relationship was, sooner rather than later.

End Notes

According to Google Translate, "taip" is Lithuanian for "yes", but if I have this wrong then please correct me and I'll happily edit.

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